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The Art of Life Series

The Use of Leisure

THE ART OF LIFE SERIES

Edward Howard Griggs, Editor

The Use of Leisure

BY

TEMPLE SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF READING,"
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ETC., ETC.

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TO

ALEXANDER BLAIR THAW

He holds his seat,—a friend to human race.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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The Use of Leisure

I

WANTED — LEISURE

MAKING a living is not living; making a living is only a means to living. We have not thought of this, of course. We are so tasked in the work that we have not the time in which to recover ourselves for reflection. We never do recover ourselves. Our selves are lost, drowned in the flood of labor and the waves of competition. We are so accustomed to spend the best years of our lives in efforts to keep alive that living is come to mean working in order to be able to go on working. The wage is not the stepping-stone to independence or the incentive to self-fulfilment; it is the exchange value of the indispensable daily bread. So ingrained in us is this habit of work that we even count ourselves fortunate and think ourselves happy when we have se-

cured a position which assures us the work. Like the negro laundress who thought herself lucky in a husband who saw to it that she did not want a day's washing, we also are grateful that each to-morrow finds the work ready for our hands to do. For work means food and shelter; and food and a shelter mean life. Life, quotha! God help us!

The day's work done we go home to rest, if we can, to regain the strength lost for the next day's work. Perhaps anxiety about the work prevents us from resting; then we lie awake disturbed and distressed. Perhaps the work absorbs our whole thoughts; then is every other interest excluded — self, friends, wife and family, home and the duties and delights of social life. We are machines that are run down each evening, to be cranked up again each morning. And we are actually glad thus to labor. Thank God for work, we cry, when sorrow or affliction visits us. In work, at any rate, we can drown our troubles. Work is for us the sustainer of hope, the comforter and soother in times of despair; the one remedy for the thousand heart-ills which afflict us in this Vale of Tears. Great writers have penned vibra-

ting dithyrambs in praise of work. "Blessed are the horny hands of toil;" "Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may;" "To Labor is to pray;" "To Labor is the lot of man below;" "Labor is independent and proud." They write the word with a capital letter as if it were in itself a splendid and inspiring truth. They have raised a new idol for us to worship. Oh, idolatrous and Sabbathless Satans!

It is a melancholy *utinam,* as Sir Thomas Browne would have said, this inhuman craving for work — the cry of the starving for food; the prayer of the lost for salvation; the petition of the condemned for respite; the pitiful wail of the destitute for a home. The will to live is so strong in us, and the way to live so narrow and crowded, that the market for labor is like a battlefield with the fight still going on. For, in spite of all our boasted enlightenment, we have found out but one means of living — killing the weaker and taking his place. And yet the work we get is not for the fulfilment of the spirit; it does not ennoble us. We grasp after it with the convulsive, passionate hands of the drowning man stretching for a spar

that will float him to a haven. And when the haven is reached we are captured and harnessed to a mortar wheel. Like stupid oxen or blind horses we go, henceforward, round and round in a daily grind. And man's free spirit is killed. "Thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread." What a satire on living is this making a living!

Is it not time we took thought a little on this business of work? I am not railing against the toil for the daily bread. I am ready to agree with all the fine things that have been and can be said of it. But I do denounce and stigmatize as contemptible and unmanly that attitude toward the work we are compelled to do, which accepts it as the be-all and the end-all of human aspiration. This is not work, it is drudgery, and as such it is degrading and enslaving. As it is practised and understood to-day in the thousands of centres of modern civilization, this drudgery is one of the most pernicious influences that can afflict mankind. There is nothing sacred in it, nothing beautiful, nothing worthy. Go through a modern department store and tell me if the work done there by the hundreds of young men and young women

is either worthy or beautiful or sacred. Examine the factories, the coal mines, the railroads, the offices of merchants and newspapers and shop-keepers, and show me there the sanctity and the beauty of labor. Oh, yes, all these creatures, delving and digging, are earning their living. Some of them, indeed, have found the work fitted for them and have made inventions and improvements in the enterprises with which they are associated. Some have so far progressed that they have themselves become employers. What of it all? Have they done anything more than make a living? And if they have saved money, if even they have become millionaires, have they done anything more than toil? Do they do anything more than go on toiling? If they do — then for what? For doing more toil, and more toil? For making more money and more money? And this is living!

I hear you! You are telling me that it is through work that these United States have become the leading country in the commerce of the globe; that it is through work America is richer and more powerful than any other country. I do not doubt it. But have these United

States become a country in which men and women are freer, as they set out to be? Are the people of this country wiser, nobler, more sanely brotherly to each other, more spontaneously honest and upright, more premeditatedly kindly and intelligently humane than the people of other civilized countries? I doubt it. Human nature is the same here as it is the world over. They had grafters in Rome and we have grafters in New York. They have vested interests in Europe and we have politicians and trusts in America. They have debilitating armies and navies in the old world, and we have their like in the new. We have not changed much by taking a voyage across the Atlantic and founding a new republic. This new English republic is not such an advance on the old English monarchy that we need boast much about it. We had the chance to make it an advance, but we did not use it. We did not use it because we did not know how. And we did not know how because we did not understand that the difference between a republic and a monarchy is profounder than the mere superficial difference in government; we did not realize that a democracy meant not only political and

legal freedom but economic freedom also.

The old feudal system was a military system. The basic assumption of the system was that men were not equal. Under it the monarch flourished as a kind of commander-in-chief of the nation as an army, and he had his generals and captains in his barons and overlords. It developed an aristocracy and class divisions. The workingman took his place among the lowest classes. He worked for his superior because he was a unit in an army in which the employer was his captain or lord or baron — he was his vassal, serf or slave. He is still in these lowest classes, to-day, in monarchical countries. He is still there because the feudal system is still the system of business and the employment of labor. The wage-earner is part of a militariat exactly similar to any military organization. As an individual he does not count. He counts only as a fraction of a larger unit — the factory, the brewery, the railway corporation, the mining enterprise, the store, the mercantile office. It is these larger units that are considered in estimating the power and the prosperity of a nation. But so estimated a nation is not rich and not powerful, but poverty-

stricken, crime-infested and unstable as water. It cannot be otherwise when the few are enriched at the expense of the many.

The American Declaration of Independence rejected monarchy and its attendant aristocracy and class distinctions. It declared as truth — that all men are created equal. It left no room for an aristocracy or class distinctions in either government or social life. But it did not reject the militariat system in business. That system is still in vogue in this country as it is in every country of the world. Under it the wage-earner is relegated to a class subservient to the employer in business and to the plutocrat in social life. So that the laborer is now in the same position, economically and socially, as the vassal and serf were under the old military feudal system. In other words the laborer is the wage-slave. It is true, he is now free to remonstrate and combat by means of unions, but his remonstrance and opposition avail him little so long as the system under which he works compels him to devote the major part of his daily life to making a living. He has not the time in which to cultivate intelligent opinion,

nor the leisure necessary for the development of his mind; so that he is kept down by his own ignorance as well as by the conditions in which he labors. No wage-earner can be free in any real sense if he must labor for a wage from eight in the morning until six in the evening.

I have said that the difference between a monarchy and a democracy is profounder than the superficial difference in government. I mean by that that government, whether by a king or a president, is the same at bottom, so far as it affects the people governed. In republics as in monarchies the people are governed by officials; and it matters little whether these be elected by the people or selected by the king, although it is quite conceivable that a dictator would choose more wisely than the voters. The real difference between a democracy and a monarchy is in what I might call the soul attitude of the individuals governed, and that attitude is altogether different in a democracy from what it is in a monarchy. It is different in that in a democracy the unit, for the first time, counts. He is not merely a member of a social organization; he is not only one individual in a nation; he is not simply a

number in a regiment of soldiers; he is all these, but he is also a man. It was to preserve him and his individuality; it was to safeguard him and his rights; it was to assert him and his soul that the democracy of the United States of America was founded. Otherwise the words of the Declaration of Independence are blasphemy. "We hold these truths to be self-evident — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

Buried in foul basements and bereft of sunlight and air, hundreds of thousands of young men and young women are daily occupied in a deadly routine of employment at tasks that concern them only in so far as their accomplishment brings them a weekly wage. They are stitching garments, treading sewing-machines, pounding typewriters, inserting meaningless figures in ponderous ledgers, packing parcels, turning cranks. And they are doing these tasks from early morn till dewy eve. Out in the streets and in the country, the blue

sky is effulgent in golden sunlight, and trees are blossoming, birds singing, clouds sailing and gentle breezes blowing. But the toilers see nothing and feel nothing of what is going on without. They have not the time; they are too busy asserting their God-given rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Blessed are the horny hands of toil!"

Enclosed in the storeyed lofts of department-stores are other hundreds of thousands, standing through the livelong day, serving customers, waiting on exacting and irritating women, scribbling bills, displaying articles for sale, anxiously glancing the while at the task-master who walks the lofts with the whip-lash of punishment in his eye. Some of them catch glimpses through the windows of a gleaming river and purple hills; but they dare not look long. They dream of these beautiful things on their way home in the evening when they are tired and worn out. Not for them are these pleasant places; they are too busy proving their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "To labor is the lot of man below!"

In stuffy little shops are thousands of others — husbands and wives and chil-

dren — smirking, genuflexing, tricking, flattering, deceiving, cajoling customers into buying the wares they are offering for sale. From seven or eight in the morning until seven, eight, nine and even ten o'clock at night, they are engaged in this degrading labor. They have no time for anything else; for if they took the time their neighbor shop-keeper might take customers away from them. Moreover, they must, at any cost, make good their unalienable rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." So "Toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may!"

Digging in mines, delving the earth, spinning in mills, forging and hammering in factories are hundreds of thousands of others, face-begrimed, callous-handed, narrow-chested creatures who may be men and women, but they look like parchment-stretched skeletons. These have never even tasted joy; they are only ravenous for existence. They are the slaves of captains of industry. Their pleasures are debilitating excitements, body-racking indulgences, and soul-destroying satisfactions. But these too are God-endowed with rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happi-

ness." Oh, "Labor is independent and proud!"

Ask any one of these millions of wage-slaves if he is happy; ask him what he is doing and why he is doing it. This will be his best answer, even when he has succeeded; in the words of the shop-keeper, Madame Bernin, in Brieux's play, *Maternité,* he will say:

"No; we have not been happy, because we have used ourselves up with hunting for happiness. We meant to 'get there'; we have 'got there,' but at what a price? Oh, I know the road to fortune. At first, miserable sordid economy, passionate greed; then the fierce struggle of trickery and deceit, always flattering your customers, always living in terror of failure. Tears, lies, envy, contempt, suffering for yourself and for everyone round you. I've been through it and a bitter experience it was. We're determined that our children shan't. Our children! We have only two, but we meant to have only one. That extra one meant double toil and hardship. Instead of being a husband and wife, helping one another, we have been two business partners, watching each other like enemies, perpetually quarreling, even on

our very pillow, over our expenditure and our mistakes. Finally we succeeded; and now we can't enjoy our wealth because we don't know how to use it, and because our later years are poisoned by memories of the hateful past of suffering and rancor."

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

Go into the millions of city homes, or what we may call homes as a pathetic compliment to those who live in them, and see how they fare there, these enjoyers of divine rights. What are these places, when they are not just bearable? The breeding grounds of crime and the farms of prostitution — poisonous weeds that spring up in a night from the soil of poverty. Ask them what God is doing for them; and if they understand your question, they will answer: "God gives us eyes — to cry with." They compel themselves to forget their state when they can weep no more. These are the women whose lives have been broken on the wheels of competition and crushed beneath the Juggernaut car of the militariat system. And they always carry with them an added source of suffering — the corpse of the woman they had hoped to be. Ah, Sister, "Yet toil

on, toil on, thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may!"

Watch the farmer at his work and his family at their daily tasks. The pageant of landscape and of sky passes by them unseen. They are bowed and bent earthward. For a brief moment they look up; but their eyes are blind. For a short space they plod homeward a weary way and leave the world to darkness and themselves to brutish sleep. He is his own taskmaster, with the whip of anxiety to spur him on to effort after effort. His wife scarce knows what it is not to work; for there are "chores" to do every day, Sundays as well as week days. The grind of their toil has worn their faces to unlovely lines. They live on hope — the hope that marries the daughter, and educates the son for the ministry or fits him for the labor of the cities. They suck sustenance out of the earth with life-spending gasps. Each day's labor is a crucifixion of Love on the market cross. Yet they also are told that "To labor is to pray!"

See the employer at his office desk, tricking, cajoling, swindling, haggling, directing, smirking, juggling, and doing the many other worthy and unworthy acts that he

calls business. He also is harnessed to the mortar-wheel. He is the blind leading the blind. He is the slave of his enterprise, the creature of his success. Listen to him, in his hours of ease, at the restaurant, in the theatre, or at his own dining-table, and he is saying "Dollars, dollars, dollars!" If other words fall from his lips they have reference to dollars; if he talks of art, it is in terms of dollars; if he descants of pleasure, it is in the language of the market-place; if he speaks of love it is with synonyms for money. He knows no God but the Golden Calf and no joy but the fever of desire. And he is oppressed with worry and depressed by anxiety. If he makes thousands in a day he loses them in a night. He is the gambler offspring of competition and the militariat system. He is Time's slave; he is the chained driver of the competition car, doomed for life to cross and re-cross the Bridge of Sighs. And in his wake follow the groans of the hungry and the moans of the stricken. Yet he cannot help them because he is himself stricken; he is the slave of the system which compels him to do what he does. He may be moved to compassion and charity, but

he can only talk in the language of dollars, and he knows no other mediator. His wealth has ruined his manhood and his home is a sepulchre of still-born hopes and frustrated happiness. He may pray for grace, but it is too late for him to be redeemed from the passion of his low ambition. He has sold himself for money, and he must remain a slave to the most terrible of all taskmasters —"Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may!"

And these are they who have asserted and fought for their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

I am not here picturing the lives of the people of a tyrannous eastern autocracy. The people I have described are the people of an enlightened democracy, of the splendid United States. They bear the standard of freedom —"Old Glory" they proudly and rightly call it. They chant the Battle Hymn of the Republic; they devoutly honor their brave who died for liberty and emancipation; they teach their children to lisp the uplifting words of their epoch-making Declaration; they have the power to choose their own leaders and the right of a great nation's might. And yet

they have allowed themselves to be enslaved by an economic Shibboleth. They have deified Competition as a Law of Nature and have become worshipers of a heartless, hopeless idol. Even if this idol were a living god, a true ideal, what are we doing that we do not compel it to answer our demands? We compel gravitation to irrigate our deserts; we imprison the fire of heaven to move our railways; we command the force of expansion to alleviate our suffering, and employ the lightning to bear our messages round the globe. Why have we failed to subjugate this so-called Economic Law of Competition? Why? Because it is not a Law of Nature at all. It is a false god set up by our ignorance, and enthroned by our greed. We ask it for bread and it gives us a stone; we beg it for work and it tells us the labor-market is overstocked; we pray to it for leisure and it imprisons us in cells; we petition it for freedom and it sends us digging in mines; we cry to it for life and it tells us we have it; we plead to it for happiness and it spurns us to misery; we demand of it our rights and it calls us "wage-slaves." And this is the Ideal we have idolized. Natural

Law! If ever a law were unnatural this is that law.

I am not now attempting a detailed examination of competition. I am concerned here with one outcome of it, namely, over-production, for over-production is one of the immediate causes of the wage-slave's condition. Capital has an eager eye. When it sees profits it will immediately engage itself. It can, however, only see profits when the market has already been supplied; but it is too jealous to allow one or two or three to make profits, so it rushes into this profit-making enterprise, with the result that the market becomes over-supplied. Prices then go down and profits decrease. On the decrease the capitalists take a rest. The capitalists' rest means either the reduction of the wage-earner's wage or his discharge. Evil number one. The reduction in prices does not much help the wage-earner who is unemployed and has no money with which to buy. If he is fortunate enough not to be discharged and has only had his wage lowered he is yet the first to feel the pinch of the situation; and if he goes on strike for higher wages, both employer and employed are sufferers. Evil number two.

Perhaps the surplus product is sold in foreign markets at below cost; then a new situation of danger is brought about by a retaliating tariff from the foreign country that has its own economic troubles. Evil number three. When the foreign market is closed to the over-producer he becomes a Jingo, an Imperialist, an advocate for colonization and conquest in order to find a new market for his produce; he is the first to cry "Fight." Evil number four.

To contend that over-production balances itself and that the period of depression is followed by a period of rise, only adds insult to the injury. Is this a Law of Nature that breaks down just when it ought to work? Surely, this is but speculating with the market and taking a chance to win the race for the profit. Why should we be content to go hungry to-day, when an industrial panic is on, because we may get a meal next week when the panic shall have quieted down? Why are we to permit ourselves to be thus gambled with? We object most strongly to the gambler in industries (for the average capitalist is nothing but a gambler) staking our lives in the game of chance he is playing. We refuse to be cast on the green table as

"chips." And there is danger to the gambler in this protest; for the protest is the protest of a proletariat army that will grow in solidarity very rapidly in the coming years. And if the idol of Competition be not quietly hidden away in some lumber room of discarded faiths, there will be trouble for the capitalist-gambler.

The wily capitalist, seeing the evils of over-production, set to work and elaborated a way for himself by which he could avoid them. He combined with other capitalists in the same industry, and formed the trust. He formed it peaceably where he could, but when he met with resistance he used drastic methods, strange and weird methods, that take us back to the middle ages for their like in cold-blooded implacability. What the trust is we all know. I call it evil number five of over-production, and the worst evil of them all.

To resist the tyranny of the capitalists, and to save himself from utter slavery, the wage-earner combined with his fellow wage-earners and founded the Trade-Union. So that now we have the two armies of capitalists and wage-earners opposed to each other, and hating each other, and only working together in what is in

reality a state of armed peace because each cannot do without the other. And the wage-earner has become the creature of his tyrant union. Evil number six of over-production.

Yet out of all these evils good is certain to come. The evil of the unemployed has already opened the eyes of the unemployed, and a discontent is ripening into an awareness of injustice. The evil of strikes has produced the Labor Commissions and Arbitration Boards; the evil of the retaliating tariff leads to Reciprocity and will eventually bring us to Free Trade; the evil of the Jingo fighter will make good blood in a juster and more righteous cause; the evil of the trusts will be transfigured when their public utility corporations shall have been municipalized and their magnificent organizations of industries properly supervised. And with the transformation of these evils the wage-earner will no longer be the wage-slave at the mercy of capital and the competition system. He will break free from the tyranny of his unions by abolishing them, for the day of their need will have passed away. And he will give his strength to a coöperative commonwealth which, assuring

him of his life and liberty, will enable him to devote his free spirit to the pursuit of his happiness.

The ruins of over-production being the result of the blind cataclysmic force of competition, it might be well to study this blind force and see how it can be prevented or directed. This has been done; but as the result of investigations points to a *bouleversement,* to an entire reversal of present economic methods, it is too dangerous an experiment to engage the wage-earner in it, and he is not yet fit for the undertaking. It is certainly asking of the employer more than he will consent to. It will be wise for us to take a seemingly more circuitous road, especially if we desire to bring about the final result peaceably and intelligently. This road is the road of leisure.

A signal victory over the capitalist was won by the skilled wage-earner when he secured the eight-hour day. But the advantage gained is only partial; and it is not all along the line of labor. The skilled wage-earner will have done better when he has secured the four-hour working-day; and labor will have done better still when its unskilled shall be as happily condi-

tioned as its skilled. A four-hour working-day will mean the employment of more labor and give more leisure to the laborer. Prices will, of course, go up; but there is a limit to the rise, and when that limit is reached capital will find that it does not pay to engage itself too insistently in competitive markets, and labor will discover its proper place in the changed economic conditions that will follow. And if capital attempt to ignore the limit, it may find its very existence threatened. Competition will decrease and over-production cease. Wages will, of course, go down; but there is a limit to the fall, for the capitalist, in an uncompeting market, will find his profits settling to a satisfactory level, or to a level that he must eventually content himself with. The capital that is unengaged will find other fields for enterprises, which over-production has not made barren. If it does not, it will not matter, for capital is not wealth; it becomes wealth only when transmuted by labor. Moreover, the new conditions which will arise out of this liberation of the worker will make for changed economic principles. Wealth, wages, value, credit — these words will have living meanings

and stand for practical ideas, when it is once understood that the business of life is nothing else than the *rapprochement* between the individual and the nature of things; and that all wealth is the embodiment of the power to utilize Nature for the purpose of man's happiness. This, after all is said and done, is the only reason for the existence of any social community.

But the skilled laborer forms only a small body of the industrial population of this country. There are thirty odd millions of clerks, domestics, petty tradesmen, shop-assistants, and other unskilled workers, who are still subjected to their employers' will in the matter of the length of the working-day. Whether through indifference or incapacity, these have not organized themselves into unions, with the result that they are the flotsam and jetsam on the ocean of labor. They live in continual fear of being supplanted by a great army of unemployed always ready to take their places. Well, little good will be accomplished until these also combine and obtain the shorter working-day. Elements for strong associations undoubtedly exist among clerks, typists and shop-assist-

ants, and these must be welded for a common purpose. Public sentiment will help them, for public sentiment is easily enlisted on the side of injustice done to the unprotected. They must, if they are to live decently, obtain, at any rate, the eight-hour working-day. No store should be open after four o'clock in the summer and five o'clock in the winter; and there should be a mid-week half holiday as well as the Saturday half day. We need not be afraid of the results of these changes. Capital can stand this strain, and it will be afraid to resist a united and determined opposition. Dislocation in business is a thing more to be dreaded than the shortening of the working-day. A definite and reasonable demand and a solidarity of front are the first requisites to an alleviation of hard-pressing conditions. Unity of purpose and solidarity of effort will, in the end, overcome every economic difficulty. And if to ask these of the unskilled wage-earner is to ask too much of him, then is he lost. It is because I think I am not asking too much of him, and it is because I believe he must be saved, that I am appealing to him to take heart and be up and doing. He has not so much to

lose that he should be fearful of risking it; and he has much to gain. He has his life, his liberty, his happiness to gain, and the lives, liberties and happiness of his wife and children. He has the love of country to recover; he has his pride in his citizenship to reëstablish; he has the dignity of his manhood to maintain. And he can do none of these things so long as he permits the hours of his conscious life to be at the call of a master who has no interest in him except as a possibility for profit, and so long as he accepts the wages of a slave for his life as a man.

Why do I insist so much on leisure? Because leisure is time, and time is life. Leisure means liberty, freedom for the assertion of self; leisure is the first requisite for making possible for us the pursuit of happiness. Give a poor man time and you enrich him. Give him time and you empower him so that he will move mountains by taking thought. In time he will rejuvenate the earth and make it, indeed, a jocund earth. I ask for leisure because with leisure a man can recover himself and find his right place in the society which should dignify him and he it. He can grow in understanding and grow in wis-

dom, with leisure. He has the time in which to be a father, a lover, a friend, and a comrade. The fine sap of his humanity can mount and nourish the tender branches of his family tree. The Home will realize his dreams of Home, for it will be the joyous place where character is made, and with the making of character will be born nobler fathers and more willing mothers.

Give a man leisure and you re-create him. We may not then be able to hoodwink him with our economic shibboleths, but we shall be glad that we are not thus able. His eyes will have been opened, and he will open our eyes in turn. We shall realize our past foolishness in the splendid coöperation of this leisure-born friendly helper. Work will be no longer the hateful necessity it is now; it will be acceptable, and accomplished as the expression of the worker's sincerity. It will be honest work, giving in labor done one hundred cents for every dollar of wage received. It will be this because the worker will be fit, and willing, and bound in honor. He will give then more in four hours than he gives now in fourteen.

This time for which I ask would not be missed by the employer. Were we to-

day to collect the time wasted in our many business enterprises and present it to the workers we should find we had lost nothing by the gift, and the gift would be no less than one-fourth of a present working-day. As a matter of fact, few human beings can possibly be equally efficient during every hour of the ten or twelve hours of a laboring day. Time is wasted in make-believe at work, in fussing and purposeless moving to and fro, in lifting and putting back what need not have been moved. Especially is time wasted in talk — the talk of the foreman, the talk of the manager, the talk of the employer, the talk of the schemer, the talk of the incompetent and hesitating and feeble and vain. It is a rare business that is really efficient. Indeed, much of the distaste for work is not so much due to the work itself as it is to the compulsory waste of time and consequent prolonged confinement imposed on the worker by incompetent employers and supervisors. We grudge the wage-earner a dollar rise in his wages, but we lose a dollar a day by our waste of his time. The shorter working-day will compel a wiser supervision, a more concentrated effort, a closer application and a more definite at-

tention. Time wasted is money wasted, opportunity lost, enthusiasm dampened and the working spirit demoralized.

There has never been a period in the history of the world so stirred by social discontent as the present; and never before, not even during the years immediately prior to the French Revolution, was the discontent so deep-rooted and so fraught with danger to the community. Increase in population, overcrowding in cities, competition in the labor-market, over-production, higher cost of living, the stupidity and the selfishness of the capitalist, the vicious remedy of labor strikes, all these have contributed to the sowing of discontent. How to allay it; how to bring about juster conditions for the mass of the population, are questions which have occupied and are occupying the minds of the best thinkers. Solutions without number, from Utopias to Coöperative Societies, have been propounded and tested, and yet the situation remains unaltered. No solution is, however, possible without the active sympathy and intelligent coöperation of the people to be satisfied. The solution must come from them and not from the academic philosopher, be he never so well-

meaning, and they cannot as yet know what is best for them. Their sympathies are too easily engaged, because of the stress of their conditions, for any seemingly helpful schemes; and their coöperation cannot be intelligent because their outlook is narrowed by their immediate wants. Unintelligent sympathy is a terribly dangerous emotion to experiment with. Our first business is to refine their sympathy to the fineness of discretion, and cultivate their intelligence to the point of enthusiasm. It is not possible to produce either of these qualities so long as the wage-earner is the slave of his work, and so long as he is compelled to give to it the greater part of his day's life. It is to rationalize his emotion and to emotionalize his reason that I ask for leisure. When he acquires an intelligent enthusiasm for service, then will his service be a vital contribution; the patient will then help the doctor. Perhaps, indeed, he will not need the doctor.

Leisure makes for health, and health is an absolute necessity to the cultivation of intelligence. The unintelligence displayed by the average labor voter is largely due to bad health brought on by drink.

Drink is the solace of the tired laborer who takes it in the first instance as a spur to his jaded body. The leisured workingman will have no need for this spur. With the decrease in drunkenness will increase the health of the community.

Leisure makes for character; not the character of the poverty-smitten creature of the competitive labor-market, but the character of the free man, the democratic citizen, the gentleman in the best sense of the word. He will have time for social intercourse, for study, for invigorating and inspiriting exercise. He will recapture his flown youth in play with his children, and regain his lost hopes, and re-live the joyous days of his early love.

Leisure is no respecter of class distinction; it is a splendid democrat. It has been made to symbolize aristocracy, but its nature is not aristocratic; its nature is humanitarian. Ignorance on the one hand, and sentimentality on the other, have accorded it aristocratic honors; but ignorance and sentimentality are responsible for most of the mistakes we make, not the least of which is the abuse of leisure by the so-called leisured class.

Leisure is a re-distributor of power.

When leisure shall be a common enjoyment and over-production ceases, wealth will be more evenly divided, and with the more even division of wealth will follow a redistribution of power. Moreover, the leisured man is thrown on his own resources and he will have the chance to make good. If he fails he will only have himself to blame. What he is to do with leisure so that he shall make good I explain in the next chapter.

This being to be born of leisure, and he alone, is the man we want for our revolutionary purpose. We want him because without him all our efforts at betterment are mere patching and tinkering. He, and he alone, will have the insight that we lack; and he alone can help us to a happy practical issue out of all the afflictions which beset us to-day. When the leisured workingman comes he will show us how to do away with sweat-shops, how to clean slums and wash streets, and drain cities. He himself will reform our schools, regulate our traffic, reject our faithless servants. He will rebuild our cities, remake our homes, reform our parliaments. He will remodel our armies and reëstablish our navies. He will reëlect our officials

and redeem their broken pledges. He will plant gardens and people desert places and grow vineyards. He will do all these things with the enthusiasm of knowledge, and he will accomplish all these things because he will have the seeing power — the tremendous power secretly stored in the ballot-box. Look out for the workingman who shall say every day at four o'clock with Charles Lamb, "I am Retired Leisure." You will find him in libraries and art galleries, at times; and at other times he will be resting on the grassy banks of murmuring brooks, or walking smilingly in trim gardens. *Otium cum dignitate.* He will not be the Superannuated Man who was once doggedly content to waste his soul at the wooden desk of drudgery and is now presented with the bonus of a few twilit years in which to sun his silvered body. He is the Superlaborated Man who cannot live without his soul. He never can be superannuated because he is always wanted; and he will be a long time growing old because he has a long time in which to be young.

II

THE RIGHT USE OF LEISURE

AN ingenious friend of mine (I use the adjective in its eighteenth century application), with whom I often discussed this question of work, and for whose opinion I have more than a courtesy respect, would reply to my argument: "Very fine; but your premises are all wrong. You assume that most people do not find their happiness in work, whereas the contrary is the fact. It all depends on the spirit in which work is done. If people will put their hearts into it the work itself will be a joy."

My friend, evidently, had not at all grasped my point. It was just because people had lost this spirit that it had become necessary to re-inspire them. I was desirous to put hearts into people, so that work might be a joy to them. My complaint is that people have lost heart, that they no longer have hearts to put into their work, and my demand for leisure was by

way of giving them hope to take heart again. For there is no hope for them in work as it is done to-day, and they cannot take heart in it, because it ends nowhere, because it is not work but drudgery; because there can be no enlarging of the self in what is not of the self. In drudgery there can be naught but degradation.

"Where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also." I think to urge men and women to be treasure-seekers, by showing them that they can be treasure-finders; for this is the one way, so it seems to me, along which they will walk through life with courage. For the treasure of each life lies buried in each self, and the finding of that is happiness. Let us but believe in the possibility of realizing hope and the right spirit will animate us, and lead us on. How to discover one's self, that is the question.

It is a very old question. In various forms it has exercised the profoundest minds of men; for its right answer means happiness. Isaiah and Christ; Plato and St. Paul; Marcus Aurelius and Thomas à Kempis; Dante and St. Francis, and the host of modern wise men from Bruno and

Spinoza to Kant and Tolstoy set themselves this question. They approached it from the point of view of the Idealist, and they granted happiness on the condition of the re-birth of the spirit of man. So convincing was their reasoning, and so moving was their appeal, that they did actually awaken and change that spirit; and men and women began to live in new ways; they began to live the idea of the Brotherhood of Man.

But these wise men did not and could not foresee all that this change of attitude would bring about. For them, their answer was the complete answer and, therefore, there was no need to look further. Let us live but thus, they said, and all will be well with us. But life does not permit itself to be thus systematized and dogmatized, even by the great formulas of inspired hearts. Life is an evolution; it is dynamic and not static; and it has to be lived by men and women, not dreamed. Every change becomes, in actual living, a step forward to another change, and while man is the product of his environment, he is much more the maker of new environments. Indeed, every idea realized makes new environ-

ments which, in turn, call for newer ideas, which again make new environments, and so on, continually. Every change is a fresh creation, and every fresh creation brings new desires, new aspirations, new problems.

Yet these wise men were, indeed, wise in approaching the problem as they did; for they revealed the eternal *character* of the solution. New conditions may bring new problems, but the character of all solutions is of the quality of the spirit — the spirit that flowers through hope into an Ideal. The spirit alone leaves room for a revaluation of values, a reconsideration of the ever-evolving problems which must press on humanity for solution, so long as a humanity shall exist, and so long as men and women shall live together in social intercourse. The spirit may be directed, but it may never be imprisoned; for to imprison it is to cause it to lose hope and so prevent it flowering into Ideals, and we can never succeed in that. Sooner or later it will break open the doors and go on its own way. Under any conditions of human existence it is the man with the Ideal who will inevitably be born to show us the way out, and to implant a new hope

in us. His method may not be practicable at the moment; but that is not to say it will be impossible. It will be for us, the living, working, hoping citizens of the world to make conditions fitting the Ideal; to realize it, and so make it a living truth; and we will do this. We will experiment with it at first, and, no doubt, fail in our experiments; but the fact that we deal with it at all will help us to understand its nature, and help us also to do our best with it, and in doing our best with it, to find ourselves in the end free to live it.

We are, and we take a pride in saying it, a practical people. Ideas have to fit conditions or we have no use for them. We care not a fico for a mere idea, the idea that cannot be embodied as a working principle or a working machine. Yet we are not altogether materialists. We do confess and thankfully acknowledge that ideas have been embodied, both as machines and nations. The American nation is itself the outcome of an idea — the idea that all men are created equal with unalienable God-given rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Why is it that we are so suspicious of, and so averse from, ideals? Is it because they

are not practicable? But how can we decide if we do not make the trial? The true reason for our aversion and suspicion is that we are not Idealists enough. The soundest Idealist is the intense Realist who understands that matter is the medium for the expression of the spirit. We expect from a machine no more than what we intended it to do; but from an Ideal we expect everything at once, forgetting that we alter it in the very act of realizing it. Every Ideal must, necessarily, become degraded in its embodiment as a Real. The spirit knows more than the body can express. We make no allowance for this; and yet we go to the opposite extreme when we have found a Practical Ideal. For then we become so enamored of its "truth" and "validity" that we hedge it round with precedent, root it in what we are pleased to call the constitution of things, and leave it no freedom for development. We are so loyal to the truth, as we call it, that we make an idol of it. We miss the spirit and see only the letter. Like the Israelites of old, we forsake the living God and become idolaters. And our conforming attitude is so determined that we count non-conformity a heresy, de-

serving even of a punishing condemnation. Hence the martyrs of history and the bloodshed of revolutions. We are not Idealists enough, because we fail to understand that there is no limit to the work of realizing Ideals, if only we allow the Ideals to teach us how.

"The spirit of man," says Mr. Lowes Dickinson finely, "is not frozen in ice, nor bound on a wheel of fire; rather it moves on a magic car through the forest of life, drawn by the team of instinct, habit, desire, and will; bound to the past, yet free of the future; proceeding from the brute but tending to the god." The wise practical sociologist will think long before he lightly rejects any message of this spirit, for the time will surely come when its message will be the one truth to which he will be compelled to give heed.

It requires time for the vital values of even a single Ideal to become exhausted in practice; but long before that time is reached, the new conditions brought about by the new practice engenders a new Ideal. A wise man or a poet, a Bergson or a George Meredith, is appearing on the horizon, who is coming to ask us to take thought again. This is just what is tak-

ing place to-day. The practical Ideal of political freedom under which we have lived for a century and a half has produced a new kind of citizen — the average man alive and alert to every chance that will benefit him; the successful man radiant in the glory of his conquest over nature. A new assertiveness, a new selfishness, or a new form of the old selfishness, has sprung from this life of political freedom. The old physical might has been translated into terms of wealth, into phrases of legal cunning and into shibboleths of political craft. These are now the powers, those very powers the evil working of which it was thought Democracy had scotched. With political freedom to permit them the opportunity, the powerful concentrate all their masterly abilities of machinery and brain to the acquisition of power for themselves. When they succeed, either as capitalists, corporation lawyers, or political party "bosses," they use it after much the same fashion as did the feudal barons in the days of old. So the old problems of class distinction and inequality in living come up once more in a new form, and once again men are no longer equal, no longer free, and no longer

happy. The Ideal of political freedom, evidently, does not suffice for the new conditions; it is not working well; we are ready for a new Ideal. This new Ideal is what leisure must be used for to find out.

We shall never enjoy what we have unless we use it. The possession of leisure, means, therefore, the use of leisure. To enjoy leisure is, however, only one of the ways of using it. It is a very good way; perhaps, the best of all ways, but like all good things, it offers the temptation of its abuse, especially to those who have not been accustomed to having good things. And nowhere is this abuse more flagrant than in this country, where the acquisition of wealth has produced a leisured class, more particularly among women, who, amply supplied with the means of satisfying their material wants, and with no other objects in life, are rapidly degenerating physically and spiritually. A debilitating ennui has left them a prey to their desires for mere variety and excitement; they pass their days in hysterical demands and neurasthenic cravings. They ask for love, and they "shove cravings in the van of love," and so never

meet love. These, happily, are the exceptions. There are very many women of leisure who are begging for something to do, that shall justify them in their possessions and make life mean something for them.

To those, however, who spend a portion of each day in labor, leisure will come as a pleasant interlude for other than sullen idlenesss or riotous living. I have said that leisure is time, and that to give a poor man time is to enrich him. Shall he then waste his wealth in debilitating pleasures? Or, shall he not rather spend it like one who knows what he wants? Leisure was once a hope; shall he not rather justify the fulfilment of his hope by his use of his possession? For this new wealth also is power, and power is for good as well as for evil. It was the evil use of power by others which denied him of his wealth of time; shall he now deny himself of the fruits of his wealth by using it evilly also? Would that not rather justify depriving him of it again? Surely, it would. There devolves, then, on the leisure-enriched workingman the duty of the right use of leisure, the right use of his wealth of time. The right use of this,

as the right use of everything in this world, is to make the most of it.

How shall he make the most of leisure?

In two ways. First, by getting health and keeping it; and, second, by getting a mind and using it. "Give a man health and a course to steer," says Bernard Shaw, "and he'll never stop to trouble whether he's happy or not." Health is that condition of the body which enables it to respond immediately and alertly to every call made on it by the will. The condition is largely the result of temperance. Getting a mind is translating the fine impulses of the heart into the reasoned language of humanity.

There are many ways by which to get health; doctors are telling us of these ways every day; but the best way to get health is to keep healthy, and to keep the body healthy requires a healthy mind. One reason why we are in the distressful state of to-day is that there are so few healthy minds in the community, although our colleges are gymnasiums for athletics and the nurseries of sports. A healthy mind will compel the body to be free from sickness and disease; for half our sicknesses are due to our sick minds — minds that are

unable to will, and powerless to command; minds made anxious and worried and distressed by the fear of poverty and the fear of disgraceful death. A healthy mind is a sane mind; an honest plumber and an honest sanitary inspector are more desirable to it than a famous physician. It believes in the prevention of disease rather than in its pathology. It makes for courage and exalted willingness in momentous enterprises, especially in the great enterprise of bearing children. It will see that the body is healthy before it permits it the high adventure of founding a home; and it will act thus according to the dictates of its own high sense of responsibility. It is the ignoble fathers and unwilling mothers who are responsible for the moral bastards, the spawn of sensuality that scatter disease and death, and that complicate our problems to the point of pessimism. No, we need have little anxiety about the health of our bodies if we first make certain that our minds are healthy.

How then are we to get healthy minds? Well, one sign of mental health and sanity was getting leisure. In getting this we prepared, so to speak, the soil of the mind

for the planting of fertile seeds. With leisure the mind has the time in which to recuperate itself. But there is still another process, a refining process, through which this soil must pass, in order that the life-giving air of freedom may reach its every particle. This process I call emotionalizing the intellect and intellectualizing the emotions. We must think with emotion and feel with discretion, as Mr. Charles Ferguson would say. The mind functions as Intellect and Emotion. Pure emotion is passion let loose; it is a seeing, a loving, a hoping impulse, a boundless enthusiasm and not a constructive force. Pure intellect is power let loose; it is a constructive force, but it is a blind force, for it sees with the outward eye only. When the emotions are rationalized, they are guided; when the intellect is emotionalized, it is saved. A pure enthusiasm and a pure power will thus have had imparted to them the fine qualities of each other. In the individual the resultant force invents machines, paints masterpieces of art, writes inspiring poems, erects splendid cathedrals, converts people to new faiths, heartens them with new aspirations, builds happy homes, and

brings up strong-bodied, noble-minded citizens. In a people as a whole this resultant force is known as civilization. A civilized people is thus in itself a creating force. It demonstrates this by realizing ideals, by making real the dreams of its poets, utilizing for communal purposes the machines of its inventors, embodying in its political and social life the systems of its statesmen and the organizations of its industrial leaders; making stable and abiding in happy homes the purposes of its fathers and mothers. It has no Church, it is itself a Church; it has only a religion — that communal binding desire to bring about individual happiness through the general welfare. It does all these things, or it aims to do them, by subduing the natural self-seeking tendencies of its individual members for the purpose of social well-being, for the healthy organic growth of a community in which the individual serves it and it him.

Now there are two sides to social life — the political and the economic. The political side deals with the rights to personal freedom of the individual members within the community, and the sanctions by which these rights are prevented from

interfering with the solidarity of the social state. The best practical ideal so far developed by civilization for this purpose is Democracy — the government of the people, by the people, for the people — resulting in so-called political freedom. The economic side deals with the rights of the individual to enjoy the fruits of the earth and the products of his labor. This is economic freedom, the new Ideal which Leisure must make possible in the future. So far, to satisfy, this side, civilization has evolved the method known as competition, a practical ideal when carefully limited to its proper sphere of activity, but when allowed free play, as it has been allowed, the rights of the individual to enjoy the fruits of the earth and the product of his labor are obtained at the cost of his life. Instead of making for economic freedom it has resulted in the unrestrained scramble of a medley of individuals, each trying to get the better of the other, and the rights of one obtained at the cost of the sacrifice of the rights of the other.

Modern civilization has failed to make good its claim to its title. Its political freedom is a dead letter, and its economic freedom an infernal machine. It has

failed from two causes. The first is to be found in the purely intellectual consideration it gave to the problem of economic freedom. It applied the same method to the solution of this problem as it did to that of political freedom. This was the profound error. Economic freedom is the life and happiness of the members of a community, and life and happiness are not subject-matters for political science, but for ethics. Politics is the science of the statics of a society; economics is its dynamics. Every economic problem is, at bottom, a problem in morals; a problem of a social body in progressive motion; a problem of souls. This we are only beginning to see, but we shall see it better when our intuitions form a part of our reasoning; for then we shall not treat men and women as if they were the figured-blocks in a calculating machine.

> "Farther, deeper, may you read,
> Have you sight for things afield,
> Where peeps she, the Nurse of seed,
> Cloaked, but in the peep revealed;
> Showing a kind face and sweet;
> Look you with the soul you see't."

We have not looked for the "kind face and sweet" with our souls, because, for-

sooth, our economic science must not be concerned with matters that pertain to the souls of people; as if the science of social life were as impersonal and bloodless as mathematics or as logic. How are we ever to settle social questions if we leave out the souls of the people? It is not of stone and timber, said Plutarch, that we must build the ramparts of our cities, but of the brave hearts of our citizens.

The second cause for this failure on the part of modern civilization lies in the fact that it is not civilized enough; it has not yet had the material with which to work. The problem of economic freedom depends absolutely on the healthy-minded citizens themselves, and healthy-minded citizens are possible only in a community which permits its members the enjoyment of leisure, and offers every facility for its right use. A civilized nation without civilized citizens, if that were possible, is like an Atlantic liner with an incompetent crew to work her and with her coal-bunkers empty. She is splendidly fitted with the best modern machinery, but she is adrift on the ocean because wanting in the willing power of coöperative thought. She may have a superior minded captain

and officers, but these are helpless without a superior minded crew. The right use of leisure is to educate the average citizen to be high-minded. Leisure produced the high-minded aristocrat, the lover of art and the patron of genius; the simple-hearted lover of nature; there is no reason why it should not also produce the high-minded citizen, with equal power to appreciate and encourage art and genius, and with even greater power to maintain them, and greater desires for the free-play of innocent natural instincts. And with his arrival our problem of economic freedom will be solved.

Stated broadly the right use of leisure is to fit ourselves so that we always have the power to enjoy it. In other words, the right use of leisure is to maintain our ability to live it joyously. The ability to use anything is measured by the results of the use; if the results work well, they are desirable, and our right to the use of leisure will be justified and may not be alienated from us. Leisure, therefore, is our opportunity to demonstrate our fitness for its enjoyment. No individual and no nation, in the history of man, ever yet maintained a right to anything without the

power to use the right. Even a mechanic may not work at his trade unless he proves himself able; he will be discharged, deprived of his right, so to speak, if he is unable. Leisure is time in which to cultivate ability; to learn how to be able. Once we are able, questions of economic freedom, communal welfare and human happiness will meet their answers; for our might will be right in the only sense that counts.

Now what do we find existing in this country to-day, among the so-called "idle rich" and "laboring poor." The former have the right to leisure, but they have lost the power to use it. Indeed, as the phrase goes, they have no use for it. The right means nothing to them, for they do not know what to do with it. They are able to live at all only by the power stored up in their wealth, and even this power they are so abusing that it also is being threatened. What an opportunity lost! What a mighty example might not these become in the community! And they are unable to make a change because they too, have lost their innocence of heart, and are without hope. The "laboring poor" have the right to the vote,

but not knowing how to use it they have lost the right. They sold it long ago for a mess of pottage to demagogues and political "bosses." And they have now no power in the community, and no right to the right. Nay, they have no right even to complain of their condition. What is left of their right is the mere record of its acquisition; a witness to their shameful incapacity and futility, and self-wrought misery.

When leisure shall be given us it will be the time in which both "idle rich" and "laboring poor" alike may take thought. The former, that they may rise up from the "mattress grave" of their ennui; the latter that they may cease complaining, and open their eyes to what they have done to themselves, and to what they can do to redeem themselves.

We are now asking for a new right — the right to economic freedom. We may go on asking until the Day of Judgment, and we will not get it. For what guarantee can we give that we will not abuse this right also? How can we ask to be entrusted with it when we have no power to keep it, and have lost even the right to ask for it? There is now no other way

left to us but to deserve it. Yet to deserve it is no light task; it means educating ourselves to a true understanding of the trust, and acquiring the ability to hold it. Only thus shall we regain the power; there is no other way. Complaining, begging, and petitioning will not avail; what will avail, is doing. The doors of the Temple of Freedom are closed to the mentally unsound and the morally unclean. We have had these doors shut against us because of our weakness and our sins. We have thought too much and played too little. They will not be open again to us until we shall have fasted, and afflicted our souls, and washed pure our hearts. So that our day of leisure must be for us a Day of Atonement, also. "It is a Sabbath of solemn rest unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls." We have been unfaithful to the high spirit of our forefathers; we have bartered the freedom they gave their lives to obtain for mere shekels of silver. All of us—"idle rich" as well as "laboring poor"—have sinned; and in this time of leisure we must "highly resolve" to live new lives. Not by professions of faith, but by living of faith. Our libraries are filled with

fourth of July professions, and yet our hearts continue to be broken by fifth of July repudiations. Let us find out, on this day of leisure, what it is that has ailed and is ailing us! Why it is that we have gone wrong; and how we may regain our hearts and renew our hopes?

What, after all, is the one thing in which every man fulfils himself and takes most delight in doing? It is transmuting the thinks of his mind into things of matter; it is realizing himself by placing there, outside of him, his own creation for all to enjoy; it is making good. This is what I mean by realizing ideals — it is man's evolution, by means of creation. To plant gardens where before there were deserts; to build cities on lonely prairies; to make highways of bridges from peak to peak; to embody hope-giving visions in poems and paintings; to establish schools where children are taught how to be gentlemen and gentlewomen; to rear true-hearted sons and daughters; these are the incarnations of his soul that stand for him and point to him as the maker of worlds. Thus is he the Master of Change, the filler of space with the stuff of Reality; thus he immortalizes himself, and thus he

endures. He also can then look upon the work of his hands and say, "It is good." He can say it, because he has "made good." Making good is the free man's part — it is his happiness, and there is no other happiness.

The "idle rich" are wretched, because they are not making good. The "laboring poor" are unhappy, because they cannot made good. The "idle rich" are not making good because they do not use their time for creative ends. The "laboring poor" cannot make good because they have not had the leisure in which to learn how to create. Yes, this "making good" is the only happiness, for it is consciousness of life itself. It is not experienced by the "idle rich" because they squander their lives, and are, therefore, never conscious of life. It is not experienced by the "laboring poor" because they are not permitted to use their life; it is bought and sold for others' uses. They also are thus never conscious of what it is to live. This abuse of time is at the root of all human sorrow; life is then but a mere current of existence in which we are either drowned or made to serve as the planks of a raft on which others shall float.

Our freedom is a very Ariel of a sprite who has to be continually liberated from the cleft in the pine tree of sloth or it will remain imprisoned by the witch of our contentment and complacent habit. There must be no idleness for the free man, or he will become the slave of his condition and the victim of the Caliban of capital and implacable selfishness. The dire foe of freedom is automatism, the mere response to stimuli from without; a blind unconscious movement, moving only by the compulsion inherent in life itself. Automata are the slaves of formulas, even of the formulas of freedom. But it is the mark of the truly free man that he is continually making fresh formulas, and in this way expressing his ever-evolving self; that he is continually striving to transcend his formulas, to translate them into fresh manifestations of life. The price of freedom is ceaseless activity and continued vigilance that we do not become imprisoned in our formulas of freedom; for there is no final formula of life. "The letter kills the spirit," says Bergson, with a profound application of the phrase. "And our most ardent enthusiasm, as soon as it is externalized into action, is so

naturally congealed into the cold calculation of interest or vanity, that one takes so easily the shape of the other, that we might confuse them together, doubt our own sincerity, deny goodness and love, if we did not know that the dead retain for a time the features of the living." The dead are the lovely creations of our life of freedom which have become devitalized through our reckless neglect and our selfish sloth. Our Declaration of Independence is just such a lovely dead. We must see to it that we allow nothing to die; that the moment following the formulation of an activity shall be the moment for a new formulation of a new activity. That is what freedom compels if we are to continue free. And that is what we have never understood; and because we have not understood it we are now the slaves of pitiless precedent, the slaves of worn-out systems, and the slaves of ruthless power.

Our activities have been hitherto spasmodic and therefore cataclysmic in their efforts. We moved only when we could no longer suffer imprisonment by imposed dogmas and ingrained habits. This was not living the free current and flux of life; it was to be flotsam and jetsam on the

waves of its river, pieces of inert matter that interrupted the flow and impeded its progress. But the free man sets new precedents, discards old systems and enthrones power in the High Courts of Humanity only. The free man is "master of his fate and captain of his soul." He does not interrupt the flow of life's current, but willingly swims with it and willingly breasts its waves. This willing power is the creative activity in which the free man realizes his happiness; in which, indeed, he endures. I call it Work, the Creator.

We can never understand the mystery of life, for to understand it means to get outside of life, and we are always in it. But we can have faith in its fruitfulness for us, and in our happiness in it. Life itself assures us of this faith in our intuitive conviction of being able to make good. Freedom confirms this assurance in that it gives us the right to make good. It is the possibility of making good, which freedom in life offers us, that is so inspiring. It gives us Hope — not the hope of the drowning for aid, but the hope of the living in a conscious free activity for self-realization. Hope is thus the inward

state of the soul which complements the outward state of the body known as freedom. Only a free people can hope; for only a free people have the chance to make good. Hope is the movement of the soul to the making of ideas which freedom compels the body to make real. Hope is not a looking upward, for a looking upward is a reliance on another's strength; nor is it altogether a looking forward. It is partly that, but it is partly also a looking backward and a bending forward. It builds out of the débris of experience the images of beautiful things which it will inspire the free body to make real. The Past never dies; it is the living womb of the Future; it lives to be the nourisher and sustainer of the child of Hope. Hope places us on the ramparts of the Past, and compels us to bend forward to the opening of the Future into which we are to project ourselves. The ages are linked with each other — Past, Present and Future — linked together by Hope. I see its simplest expressions in the wonderful solicitude of the plant for its seed, and again in the touching care of the animal for its young. And seeing it thus I come to realize what

Love is; for thus realized Hope is the spring of Love and the impulse of life.

If we ask now what we shall do with leisure, I answer: Sow hopes in it; grow ideas of beautiful things to be done by us in our hours of work; dream dreams of joyful homes for us to establish in our waking days of freedom; plan living methods for schoolmasters and educators of the young; plant playgrounds in the centers of our cities so that we may play there with the children, and only with children, and so keep young; wander by rippling brooks and under blue skies over "grassy vested greens," that we may learn to love nature and feel her response. We cannot hope and work at the same time, so we must have leisure which shall be the breeding-time of hope. If we are looking for immediate subject-matters for hope, I point to the condition of the poor, the condition of the laborer, the condition of women in our social life. But, more definitely, I point to the education of the children. It is too late now to hope much from those who have become molded in the forms of custom, habit and cramping dogmas. All that we can do with them is to rouse them out of their dogmatic

slumbers, and, if possible, move them by an appeal to their instinct of love for their children. It may be they will respond, if but out of fear for the future welfare of those of their own who are to live after them. With the young, however, it is otherwise. Here we have the very material for hope to work with. How to love them wisely; how to grow them to health; how to inspire them with new hopes, and how to endow them with the gift of creative power; how to keep them innocent and possessed of the power to see beauty; these are questions which leisure will help us to answer. And all the leisure of a generation to come will not be too long in which to find the right answers. We shall have done much if we find but the line of direction, the tendency of the right method. But let us first see to it that we are ourselves free to look for it; that we are not manacled by established convention, nor chained to the rock of condemning habit. When we are thus free our faith will rise up in us, our hope will impel us, and both faith and hope will ride buoyant on the life current of love.

It is the pathos of our present economic and social conditions that we, who are

suffering under them may not live to see realized the new conditions that will leave room for human happiness. But it is, nevertheless, a great joy for us to feel that we are helping the coming of the change. We are, like Moses, prevented by our disobedience to the laws of life from entering the Promised Land; but the redeeming love in our natures grants us the privilege to stand on the Pisgah height of our leisure-built Hope and view the goodliness of the land from afar. If we may not enter it, we can, at any rate, make broad and firm the roads that lead to it, and so make easy the march of our children who are destined to inhabit it. On the road of leisure we are pioneers through the Land of the Ideal, and some day, our children will found cities of freedom and happiness on the broad acres we have cleared. In the meantime, our hope fills us with courage and we take heart in a new and an interesting enterprise — the adventure in search of buried treasure; the treasure that lies buried in life itself, and awaits only the work of our hands to be discovered in our realized hopes. If we do not find the treasure we shall, at least,

have enriched ourselves with the experience of the voyage and the joy of dangers overcome, and in the end, perhaps, find that life was worth the living after all.

I seem to hear my ingenious friend and critic saying: "What you urge is all very good, but it will take a long time to make civilized and innocent citizens for your civilized community. How is the poor man to be helped in the meantime?" I can only answer with another question: Will the poor man be worse off with leisure than he is now without it? No one can help him if he will not help himself. If he is content to remain unhappy he, probably, finds some dull comfort in it, and in that case he will not thank us for disturbing him. But I do not believe that any citizen of these United States is that kind of a man. The history of this country would not be what it is were its people so utterly helpless. On the contrary, over and over again, they have never failed to respond highly when high issues were at stake; and they always made good. That is why Hope has a chance here that it has not in any other country. But this land is so goodly, so bountifully blessed with nature's richest gifts, that it is difficult for

them to realize as yet that there is not enough for all. It is difficult for them to see that there is an economic problem pressing for solution, when they are blinded and misled by mountainous statistics which place their country at the head of the list in industrial prosperity and power. Their leaders are political party men who have the welfare of party more at heart than the happiness of the community; and these, for good reasons of their own, will never enlighten them if even they themselves see the existing situation.

And, indeed, there is no need for poverty or want and its consequent misery. There is enough and more, for all, if we will but see to it that each man has fair play and a square deal, and that the game of life be played according to the rules of honor. If leisure be the gentleman's privilege, as we are told it is, let us all be gentlemen. Instead of competing against each other for the largest possession of wealth, let us compete for the best expression of self. Our public schools, colleges and universities are the proper places for obtaining the right understanding of this kind of competition; but, unfortunately,

they are not so advantaged as to be freed from the dogmatism of system on the one hand, and the pressure of the demands of business life on the other. The humanities are sacrificed to the inhumanities, so that education is directed to fitting a young man for fighting others rather than for fighting himself — fulfilling himself. This system of making business soldiers out of our college undergraduates requires that the faculties be composed of professional drill sergeants, and that the presidents be executive business men. The undergraduate's sense of *noblesse oblige* is, therefore, neither stimulated by example nor nursed by tutorial companionship. Instead, he is taught to be alert and quick to seize an advantage and to keep it at any price, and his home life accentuates the teachings. So that when, later, he takes his own place in the march of life, he is unable to impose on himself the laws of honor in his business dealings, but falls in line with the rest, and succeeds by taking advantage of others' failings rather than by any positive virtue of his own. Place a Harvard, a Yale, or a Princeton graduate in Wall Street, or in business, or in any of the professions, and

in six months he will either be a failure and move out West (where he ought to have gone at the outset), or he will be undistinguishable from the rest of the fighting, scrambling, chicaning crowd. It is not his fault; it is his misfortune, and our misfortune also. He is the product of the competitive system that makes things dear and human souls cheap — that sets more store on goods than it does on goodness — that prefers to make a man into a machine rather than train him to be a gentleman. If only we placed more value on a soul than we do on a cent, we would very quickly bring about such a condition of things as would make poverty impossible, and the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness a real possession.

Here is the opportunity for the women of leisure, if they are truly in earnest in their desire to do something with their wealth of time. They can begin at the foundation, with the children before they are placed in the keeping of the professional educators. They can make their homes sacred temples redolent of an atmosphere that will ever cling to their children wherever they go, and ever arouse memories in them that will stay them

in their times of temptation and encourage them in their moments of despair. They can interest themselves actively in bringing about new conditions in the homes of the poor to see to it that mothers are fit to feed their own children, or that these children have other nourishing milk. They need not to establish new organizations, for the Children's Aid Society is a splendid existing organization. There is a large fund of living enthusiasm to draw from for this most necessary work, and if they will but enter into it in the right spirit, the coming generation will bless them. The right education of the poor children in our large cities is the one most crying need. Let them address themselves to that with their wonder-working power, and a fine beginning will have been made to the right use of their leisure. We must not expect such work to be done by either the state or any public body. It will have to be carried on by private enterprise, and rightly so. For this is the one sure way by which practical ideals are finally precipitated. And it is good for the private people themselves that it should be so done. Self-forgetfulness in a noble enterprise is a fine habit to

acquire; it makes gentlemen and gentlewomen. This is not the work for leaders or captains; it is the work for us all.

The reveille must be sounded by those in our own ranks who have not fallen asleep in the night. One bugle call here, another call there, a repeated call further beyond, and soon the hills will resound from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, and the people will know that it is morning; that the dawn of a new day has broken in which they will no longer leave their work to be done by faithless delegates and dastard representatives, but in which they will gird up their loins and fight the good fight, themselves.

III

WORK, THE CREATOR

"THE primitive steam-engine, as Newcomen conceived it," writes Bergson in that remarkable work, *L'Évolution Créatrice,* "required the presence of a person exclusively employed to manipulate the taps by which the steam was let into the cylinder and by which the cold spray was injected to condense the steam. It is related that a boy employed at this task, and becoming very tired of having to do it, conceived the idea of tying the handles of the taps, by cords, to the beam of the engine. Then the machine opened and closed the taps; the machine worked by itself. Now, if an observer had compared the structure of this second machine with that of the first, without considering the two boys charged with looking after them, he would have found but a slight difference of complexity between them. That is, indeed, all we can see when we look only at the machines. But if we glance

at the two boys we shall see that while one is wholly occupied in watching his machine, the other is free to play as he chooses, and that from this point of view the difference between the two machines is radical, the first holding the attention captive, the second giving it freedom."

The anecdote and the comment on it admirably illustrate the ultimate purpose of machinery, which is to set us free; to give us the opportunity to play, or to do anything else we choose to do. It is to emancipate us from drudgery; to give us back our lives in which to fulfil ourselves —in which to work, if we so will.

The genius for invention so splendidly manifested in these days, especially in the United States, is, if we look at it aright, the profoundest potential for civilization at our command. Its efflorescence in the marvelous machinery now used in almost every branch of industry, marks the present age as the beginning of a new era. From now on, civilization should be certain, because machines will enable us to free ourselves from Nature's enmeshing net of Necessity. We have conquered Space and mastered Time. We have made Time our servant, and henceforth, Time

must wait on us, not we on it. We have liberated ourselves from the drudgery of life, and we are now, for the first time in our history, in a position to enjoy leisure — in a word, to live. We also now have the time in which to take the initiative; in which *we* will create. It was Nature's turn hitherto; she did what she liked with us. It shall be our turn now; we shall do what we like with ourselves. We hold the Book of Fate on our laps; we must turn its iron leaves with our own hands.

We do not realize, it seems to me, this great blessing of machinery. If we did we should see how mistaken and short-sighted we have been in abusing and condemning it for taking the bread out of our mouths. It is not machinery, but we and our economic system, the outcome of our stupidity and selfishness, that are to blame for its baneful effects. We have misapplied machinery to individual ends instead of using it, as it was intended it should be used, for social ends. Think of it! It does almost anything and everything for us, from bringing bread into our homes to vibrating the earth's atmosphere with our thoughts. It clothes us, feeds us, heals us, amuses us, sings for us, trans-

ports us, thinks for us, digs for us, cleans for us, lights up our cities, warms our houses, and records our deeds. It is our servant in the completest and most satisfying sense. Half our lifetime might be saved for us by these household fairies of ours. And yet we are still drudging and wasting life in ignoble toil. We may recall the Southern negro who, when he first saw a freight train, exclaimed: "Well, de white man he done fust free de nigger and now he done free de mule!" But the white man has not freed himself. He is still drudging; still tied to the mortar-wheel grinding out a living. In spite of the countless time-saving labors machinery performs for us, labors we once had to spend our lives doing ourselves, we still have no time to spare, we say. No time to spare! Why, if we did but utilize this wonderful system of machines for time-saving purposes, as we have for money-making purposes, we should live to twice the span of our present number of years, and every added year would be a year of real living. Instead, we waste our genius and our lives in seeking after vain things. Surely, we have failed to read the open secret!

Machinery is man's application and utilization of Nature for the purposes of communal welfare. This definition is not to be found in works on political economy or in treatises on Socialism; but it is the right definition, none the less. It is right, because it takes cognizance of the lives of the people. If it did not, there could be no application possible for any definition, since without a people machinery has no meaning. It follows, therefore, that a community, highly endowed with machines, should be a community for which the necessaries of life are most quickly and most cheaply provided. Where this obtains, the community is civilized; where this does not obtain, the community is not civilized; it is not well. It is working its own destruction. The swift-footed and expert savage was a blessing to his tribe because he assured the rest food, and the tribe honored him. If the same savage hunted to satisfy his own hunger only, the tribe dealt summarily with him, and he lost the tribal advantages. The inventor of a machine who uses it to make the necessaries of life cheap is a blessing to his community, but the monopolizer is a curse to his community; he uses it to enrich him-

self by making the necessaries dear. A community that does not deal with such a selfish monopolizer in the same fashion as the tribe did with its selfish hunter, has either lost its sense, or is the victim of some suicidal delusion.

Our patent laws are framed on some recognition of this right of the community to the benefits of inventions, although the limit of time permitted for monopolistic exploitation before the right accrues to the community, is far too extended. For we must never forget that, however valuable the invention may be, it is the community that gives it its value; it is we who use it; and the more valuable the invention is the more quickly will the inventor be enriched by it, and the more quickly, therefore, should the community own it. But our economists do not think on these lines. Indeed, in industrial matters, they do not think on social lines at all. That is the incomprehensible part of our methods in the business of governing ourselves. We actually encourage monopoly and, by permitting the few to grow rich and powerful at the expense of the many, put off indefinitely the day of communal welfare. We permit parasites to feed on our blood, and

then wonder why we are debilitated and sick.

And the argument applies not to inventions only, but to every organization of a public-utility character; for such organizations are also inventions; applications of natural forces for communal welfare. City lighting, city watering, city transit, interstate transit, telegraph and telephone services, and public franchises of any kind — all these, when organized, are inventions for communal welfare. Their value has meaning only for a community. Instead of viewing them in this light we encourage private monopoly in them, and so keep dear those services to the community which ought to be as cheap as possible. The consequence is that we set in motion another force for the uneven distribution of wealth, and bring about other conditions which debilitate the community and make the general life burdensome and wretched.

We are so strangely illogical, with it all. It would seem as if we had premeditatedly set ourselves to do things in ways not according to common sense. We decide that a city shall supply its own water, but it must not supply its own light-

ing. We leave the lighting to be done by private monopoly. The result, of course, is that we, probably, pay twice as much for light as we fairly should pay. We conclude that the state may conduct our postal service, but we delegate to private monopolies the sending of our telegraph and telephone messages. The result also is that we, probably, pay five times more for our telegraph and telephone services than we fairly should pay. We encourage the growth of individual wealth among the few by maintaining a high protective tariff, but we do not encourage independence by protecting the savings of the poor. The result, again, is that the few become inordinately wealthy at the expense of the many, and the poor man is kept poor by being compelled either to pay more than he can afford for a good article, or to accept a bad article for the price of a good one. This is, to say the least of it, neither fair play nor a square deal. Again, we pension soldiers and sailors, but we never even dream of pensioning poor and deserving poets, or rewarding and encouraging genius in art. The result is, that our pension list has grown to such an enormous size that we are compelled to

tax the community to the point of imposition to meet its demands; and our poets waste half their lives trying to make a living in the market-place with the rest, to the prostitution of their genius. We do not think much of poets, of course; still, we are smilingly tolerant of them. If they are not producers they are harmless and, occasionally, amusing. So we put up with them. And yet they have not a little to do with communal welfare. I am asking myself what the soldier-pensioners themselves would say of them — the soldiers who chanted the Battle Hymn of the Republic, the soldiers who marched to the rousing music of patriotic hymns, and the soldiers, aye, and the sailors, too, who sing the songs that recall to them all that is most dear and most inspiring of their childhood days and the land of their fathers, and that touch " the mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this land." It would be interesting to hear what they would say on the matter. As it is, we give poets our blessing, and pass on.

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares!—

The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

But there is a far profounder meaning to the inventive genius than is to be deduced from viewing its products as mere aids to attaining industrial prosperity and superiority. Industrial superiority, when viewed as prosperity, is, at best, but a private advantage; it does not make for universal contentment. The deeper meaning of this inventive genius lies in the fact that by means of it we are conquering Nature for our own purposes. It gives a realizable meaning to this world of ours. Here, in machinery, is the new expression of life in terms, not of language, but of thought-embodied things. It is the interpretation of the seemingly meaningless unrelated things we call the universe, a universe which, as interpreted by the logic of philosophy, has hitherto perplexed and baffled our poignant search. From this new point of view, it takes on the beauty of a scheme; it begins to have a real meaning and a real value, because it has meaning and value *for us*. The Truth is no longer a cloud-enshrouded, inaccessible Unknowable, but a daily friend who is walking with us at every turn of our life's march, and who

is ready with his service at every call of our life's need. Looked at thus, machinery is the man-made embodiment of the Spirit of Life; the fire we have drawn from a real heaven and imprisoned to serve us on a real earth. We are Prometheans. If we will but unchain ourselves from the rock of economic superstition, we may be even freed, by means of machinery, from the bondage of drudgery, as we have freed ourselves from the slavery of oppression. But to do this we must have a new faith in a higher law than any we have as yet acknowledged.

What is this faith in the higher law? I suggest its nature in the phrase, Creative Work, the work that resolves and re-directs the forces of nature for the purpose of human happiness. Creative work is self-fulfilment. It is to will in order to endure. It is to express matter in terms of spirit by expressing spirit in terms of matter. It is to make things out of thinks and to transform ideals into reals. Its two-fold expression is accomplished by two different powers which man possesses — the inventive genius on the one hand, and the organizing genius on the other. The one occupies itself with supplying the

material necessities of life; the other more directly concerns itself with liberty and happiness. The combined result of both, at any period, is the progress made; it is man's evolution through self-fulfilment. To believe that our happiness depends on self-fulfilment by means of creative work is the simplest statement of this faith. Its higher law is that the work of our hands and brain is for the just enjoyment of all.

While there is private property in genius there is no private property in power. Power is a communal attribute. When genius is endowed by society with power, it is done for society's welfare, and without this endowment genius is but a voice crying in the wilderness. The poet sings, the artist paints, the inventor embodies, each from the compelling impulse of his nature; but the song inspires, the painting exalts, and the machine serves *us*. Each of these has value and meaning only in that it is *for us*. Herein lies the virtue of genius — it obeys us, not we it. The genius is the man's, but the power of it is ours; for it is our power, the collective power inherent in a community by which genius is given its virtue — by which, indeed, it is even possible. It follows, there-

fore, that this empowered virtue of genius if appropriated for private gain means depriving us of our strength. We understand this when we ostracize the doctor if he keeps to himself a discovery in medicine of benefit to society. We do this because we know his discovery is of general human value and may not, therefore, be exploited for private gain.

There can, furthermore, be no private property in the forces of nature. There can no more be private property in the wealth of nature than there can be in the love of God. In a profound and real sense one is the expression of the other; and a true science of economics will base its experiments on the hypothesis that one is the other. But as we have had intermediaries between ourselves and God who have monopolized God's love, even to the selling of indulgences, so we have now middlemen who monopolize God's bounty, even to the selling of pure air. The day of the ecclesiastical augur is almost gone; the day of the economic adept will soon be going. In the evolution of life which is of matter as well as of spirit, the least of us as well as the greatest are of the apostolic succession; and this we shall

realize if we draw with our own hands, by means of creative work, the waters of life. In this enterprise the poet shall show us the way, for he in all times has been the true intermediary between us and the God of this universe.

Every invention for saving time, every organization for communal advantage and betterment, every revelation of the poet's seeing soul, are discoveries in the unknown realms of mystery. They are so many steps on the Stairway of Truth, so many solutions to the problems of existence. As such they are our very life. Monarchs, hierarchs, and plutocrats withheld from us the life-giving values of such discoveries. They denied to us the wisdom of statesmen, the blessed messages of saints, and the emancipating help of creative genius. Disobedience to monarchs sent us governing ourselves to the end that we are on the road to political freedom. Disobedience to hierarchs sent us thinking for and communing with ourselves to the end that we are discovering our souls and knowing God. Disobedience to plutocrats will send us working for ourselves to the end that we shall realize a life of happiness.

It is time we opened our eyes and took

measure of our strength. Where are the ingenious sons of Tubal Cain, those workers in iron and brass, who are reshaping the earth for our purposes? What is become of the Prometheans who chain the lightning and harness the horses of the sun to drive our chariots of comfort? I am afraid they are bound fast to the rock of economic dogmatism, and the vultures of capital and monopoly are very busy feeding on their vitals. What simple-minded Titans we are! We are so entranced with the joy of creating and so exalted before the revelation of beauty, that we know not when the fowler has ensnared us. But he lies in wait for just such rapturous moments of ours, and henceforward we are caged. When he allows us the liberty to go on creating, and permits us a tiny space of time in which to enjoy, we bow down in gratitude for his magnanimity. Then

> "obedience
> Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
> Makes slaves"

of us all. We must change this attitude if we are to live as free men.

But before we take this step let us first make sure that we are of a mind in the

faith; for it must be to us a faith not only worth dying for, but worth living for. And let us also make sure that we set about our task in such wise that we shall not have to draw back once we set our hands to the work. It may have been proper for a Voltaire to cry: *"Ecrasez l'Infame!"*; but it was deplorably improper for the bloodthirsty crowds of the Reign of Terror to repeat the cry. We, to-day, would not deserve, and could not keep, our lives obtained at such a cost. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," not the torch of the Devil. True disobedience is not expressed in dire rebellion and bloody revolution; it is shown by obedience to a higher law than the one we disobey; and the right to make that is already ours. What we want is a fine enthusiasm in the faith of creative work, a veritable ecstasy similar to the mystic's in his understanding of God. Such an ecstasy is not a cessation of our faculties, but a personal enhancement, an enriching of ourselves with the wealth of reality, a relating of ourselves to the whole life. Once possessed by such an enthusiasm, all the plutocrats and capitalists and monopolists on earth could not stand before us for

one day. For it is of the nature of the spirit that it disarms obstruction by embracing it, and thus resolves it to its own higher purposes.

This, as I read it, is the mission of the United States. It is the meaning underlying its industrial passion and its enthusiasm for wealth. If industrial superiority be not viewed as private prosperity but as communal well-being, this gospel of creative work will be fraught with hope-inspiring messages. This also is the heartening message of this country as an individual democracy. Behind and beneath the attraction it exercises on the minds of the enslaved proletariat of Europe, is the feeling that here they have a chance to live and a chance to make good. Possibly, to some more exalted minds, here also they may solve by these very means the problems of life and understand the perplexing mystery of things. The feeling may be born out of the mere splendor of successful achievement; yet, though it be seen as wealth, it is really felt as self-realization. The impulse for creative work catches them by the throat, so to speak, and moves them to a desire to demonstrate their own ability also. And in the people themselves

of this country, behind and beneath their striving for wealth-power and their poor worship of the almighty dollar, is the same ambition, the same unconscious pride urging them to self-realization. It may be that this very blind worship of the material and the unhappiness it causes, is the road along which they must travel ere they reach to a consciousness of what it is all for; ere they attain to a realization of the still deeper meaning of what it is they have accomplished; ere they succeed in precipitating the spiritual gold secreted in their so-called wealth of reality. And it may be also that in this precipitation of the spiritual value in creative work will be born a religious, a binding force, between man and man, which shall make for a true communal life.

But as matters stand to-day, they have freed themselves from one set of superstitions only to fall a prey to another. They have jumped from the frying-pan of theology and political dogmatism into the fire of political economy. The dogmas of sects may have slain their thousands, but the doctrines of economic science have slain and are slaying their tens of thou-

sands. There would seem to be some spell in the word "Competition." It is uttered with such Podsnappian unction, as if there were nothing more to be said. But, indeed, there is a great deal more to be said. There is this, at least, to be said: that there is good competition and bad competition. The competition that cheapens things is good, but the competition that gambles with life in order to cheapen things is bad; the competition that vies to excel is good, but the competition in subterfuge and sharp practice is bad; the competition in high enterprises is good, but the competition that stakes the lives and happiness of others against profits is bad. But the economic dogmatist recognizes no such distinction. He treats human life exactly as if it were inorganic matter, and the formula becomes a very Procrustean bed. The result is that what virtue there is in the method is destroyed by its greater vice; the virtue is lopped off to fit the vicious system. So that competition means, in actual working, making the prices of things depend, not on the law of supply and demand, but on the cheapening of labor. In

other words the cheapening of things is obtained at the cost of happiness, and, therefore, of life.

I wonder what these economists would say if it were suggested that we try the good competition — the competition to make things cheap and human souls dear? Even as I write the question I seem to hear a very Babel of voices crying out: "Oh, but that is Socialism! That would never do!" Well, we may call it by whatever name we please, we shall not alter its truth. But it is not Socialism; it is humanitarianism; it is democracy, if democracy mean anything at all. It is what the Declaration of Independence stands for; for it is what the founders of this American republic fought for — to make things cheap, and human souls dear, aye, priceless. Must we reargue the matter? Surely, the whole thesis is indelibly writ in the annals of history, and the conclusion graven in the hearts of all high-minded democratic citizens! Where would the United States be to-day if its leaders had not been the priceless men they were? And why is the United States to-day not the democracy its priceless men fought to make it? Because its leaders now are

cheap men, men with a price, men of a shameless plutocracy and a nameless ochlocracy. This is what political economy has brought us to — to sell things for gold and to buy human souls for a pittance. We have so far progressed in our science that we can actually compute the value of a soul in dollars. Nay, when I descend into the New York Subway, during the so-called "rush hours," and see how, for the sake of a larger dividend, a railroad corporation carries home men, women and children in a way it would not dare to deal with cattle, I am forced to the conclusion that a human soul is worth even less than the five cents charged. Truly, a splendid achievement! We have beaten Mephistopheles at his own game, and we can now jeer at him for being an inferior man of business. But Mephistopheles was not so profoundly versed in economic science as we are. He did not know the method. The method is simplicity itself. We open the competition market of labor, solemnly pronounce the magical *abracadabra* — "The Law of Supply and Demand" — and let it go at that. This is known among the adepts as the *laissez faire* sleight-of-tongue trick. Immediately a

scramble ensues among the laborers as to which shall sell himself cheapest; for life is precious. When it comes to the competition market of things we carefully close that, and employ another *abracadabra.* We do not say, or even whisper, "The Law of Supply and Demand"; but we roar at the top of our voices: "Protect home industries!" This is the patriotic trick. Immediately things become dear, and souls cheap. What a confession of weakness! As if the inventive genius of the United States still required that it be wrapped in swaddling cloths!

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!" Where are the organizers and makers of institutions who shall weave these ideals into the fabric of our communal life? The ideals still lie imprisoned in our archives waiting for the wand of genius to touch them into living freedom. Surely, here, if anywhere, is a sufficient inspiration for our faith! What a vista of creative work spreads itself out before us at the mere utterance of the inspiring words! Shall we ever accomplish all that has to be done ere these words are fulfilled in fact? A dumb despair overwhelms us at the question. We

take heart, however, as we touch hands with the inventor, with the man who is making life less a travail; and, in good time, liberty and happiness will be ours also. Work, when it is no longer drudgery, no longer the mere driving of the wheels of the mills of chance in a bare hope of grinding some flour for bread, will then mean the concentrated willing effort of each man to be first in the race for the goal of self-fulfilment. In leisure he will plan the cities of hope, and in leisure he will build them. But we must have justice first — not the perfect justice of the all-knowing spirit, for that we may never obtain, but the plain human justice of fair play — the just balancing of our acts without the falsifying weights of selfishness, interest and passion in either scale. We are so constituted that we require to feel confidence ere we will permit ourselves to venture. If we know we shall have fair play we will take the leap; otherwise, we hold back and hold fast to what we have by the meanest of subterfuges — the elemental animal in us comes to the top clawing for life. A people without justice is a people made desperate in dishonor, and with tooth and claw bared. With justice men

will adventure in the highest of enterprises; and that is what they must do if they are to be free. Adventure is the prime necessary impulse in a man's soul striving to fulfil itself. It demands constant activity; but that is the price of liberty and happiness. For these states of our life are never static. Over the full heaving tide of the communal life of liberty the individual waves of our happiness form and re-form as part of the swelling flow.

But freedom or liberty for what? Simply to realize ourselves by work. That is happiness. We have never known happiness because we have never been free to work. If we have been freed from feudal service, we have not been freed from the drudging toil for "the altogether indispensable daily bread." If we have been liberated from tyranny, we have been imprisoned by plutocracy. If we have been emancipated from oppression, we have been degraded by poverty. Always have we served masters, other than the imperious commands of our own creative souls. Always have we missed liberty, and always have we been unhappy. We have longed for freedom because our natures demanded the liberty to make good,

and because we have always realized, unconsciously it may be, that this was the one way out of the afflictions which beset us. God was in his Heaven; but we made it all wrong in the world. And our troubling problem has been how to make it all right in the world.

But if freedom be given us, what shall we do with it? Freedom in itself means nothing; it is either an empty word, a mere fine-sounding term for professionalists and demagogues to conjure with, or it is a golden cup we have won with our blood in our race for life. But even the cup is empty! With what shall we fill it? There is still but the one answer — with creative work. This is the wine of life, the intoxicating draught of which is happiness. Craftsmen and poets and artists have known this in all times, and, indeed, it is to their labors that we to-day owe the hope which encourages us to look forward.

It is true the world still requires non-creative work, the drudgery of unskilled labor and menial service; but it will become less and less necessary for human beings to do this drudgery the more creative work is accomplished. It is degrading for any man born with a mind that he

shall be compelled to drudge; for the real business of life is to be happy. When all shall be free to create, the working spirit will invent more and new machines to drudge for us, and organize newer and more fitting ways for living together. It will set itself to solve real problems: How to distribute the necessaries of life to each home and family as we now deliver our mails; how to police our cities and erect fire-proof homes and buildings; how to regulate railway traffic and railway transport; how to systematize medical service in every block of a city's area; how to establish and uphold courts of justice so that all may seek redress freely and obtain it quickly; how employment for a living wage shall be regulated and conducted with strict regard for the comfort and the health of the employees; how wealth shall not be grossly accumulated to the disturbance of the communal balance; how to establish municipal self-government; how to prevent political power centering in single groups to the undermining of public confidence and to the sapping of communal fidelity; how to replace party politics by a living expression of the people's will; how to build cities where disease shall find

no soil in which to take root; how to control our railways so that cheap commutation shall be available to the poorest workman, for at least a fifty-mile radius from his place of work; how a school and a green playground shall be built and upkept in every square mile of a city's space; how food shall be pure and cheap; how exclusive privilege shall be made impossible; how the ways, and the means, for doing all these and the numberless other necessary things which must come up for doing as we go on living, shall be found and organized and utilized to the utmost advantage for us. All these are matters for creative work; for the leisure-endowed free men and women of the near future who are going to be happy in thus making good. It is not dollars we want, but wealth, the wealth of the coöperative willing energy of brave and high-spirited, decent minded citizens. All the money in the world, without such coöperative wealth of minds and hearts, will do nothing. Indeed, it will do worse than nothing, for it will only make temptation possible to the unfaithful and the untrue. We do not want more laws; we have too many already. We might accomplish a large good if we sim-

ply abrogated all the existing laws which were made by privilege to safeguard itself. Legislation is never salvation; it is more often exploitation and enervation. The upright man lives his life almost unconscious of laws. We want more than anything else a brave private opinion and a high public spirit. And in order to obtain these the organizing genius must set itself to create a new machinery for formulating that opinion and that spirit as a genuine national expression, to take the place of the tyrannical and degrading party machinery with its caucuses, which has robbed the citizen of his mind and is destroying democracy as "the supreme refuge of human dignity."*

No man dare count himself wealthy, though he were possessed of ten thousand times the income of a Rockefeller, if he can be brought face to face with one fellow citizen who is a pauper; that pauper may rightly charge him with a crime. And every man may consider himself wealthy if he has no fear of poverty, and if he be free to use the best part of each day's life for self-fulfilment. There is no necessity for poverty. It will be the busi-

* See Ostrogorski's *Democracy*, vol. ii, p. 741, ed. 1908.

ness of creative work to demonstrate that proposition. The poor do not ask to be helped and to be poor; they ask for fair-play and a square deal. And their demand goes deeper than for mere temporary relief; it goes down to the very foundations of our economic system. They also want their chance to make good. And, in this country, at any rate, they have a right to the chance; for the right is graven for them on the tables of their law. They await the organizing genius who shall show them how to apply that law.

Invention and organization — these are the two directions in which creative work shall exercise itself in the future. The one to bring down the fire from God and the other to realize the spirit of God. The former to set free men's and women's bodies from degrading and time-robbing toil; the latter to set free men's and women's souls from the misery of sterility. Evolution is fruition, and any force that denies fruition to any living thing is a destructive force, and must be diverted or overcome if life is to mean anything at all. Fruition is the beginning of wisdom and the end of destiny; for it is "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I lay this stress on invention and organization because, to borrow a suggestion from Bergson, the human intellect is more at home with tangible objects than it is with emotions and ideas. It is through its experimentation with these that the intellect arrives at the spiritual value underlying them. So that the more absorbed we are with things and their right uses the more likely are we to distil from them the value of life. In that sense Mr. Charles Ferguson's paradox states a profound truth: "Complete objectivity," he says in his *University Militant*, "is pure spirituality." But this is not evident to us while working with our intellects only. The revelations of the spirit come only indirectly by means of invention and organization. They come directly from quite another source — from the poetic genius; the genius that knows without ratiocinative processes. And this genius is most vital for us in our communal life.

I am aware that what I have written on this subject of Creative Work offers but a fresh opening in which the scientific economist will thrust the dagger of his life-taking syllogisms. That is his only method. He thrusts and thrusts to trace

the nerves of our communal body to their very sources, and tells us that he is thus looking for its spirit. But he finds nothing; and he leaves of the living beauty only a slashed corpse. It is not with the scalpel or the microscope that we shall lay bare the eternal secret springs of the wonder that catches us and the desire that impels us. Put these instruments by, says the poet, better without them may man see

> "Stretched awful in the hush'd midnight,
> The ghost of his eternity."

He who shall enlighten us and enhance us in the enlightenment is the poet whom we now neglect and despise, even as Homer enlightened and enhanced the people of ancient Greece. We come into the world and stare about us in mute wonder at the beauty and the moving splendor of it, and know not what to say. When we have lived long enough to ask ourselves: Why are we living in the midst of this beauty and splendor? What is this life of ours to express? — our souls within us are lifted as by a secret power; but we still remain mute. Then the current of life draws us on and in our efforts to keep afloat we forget our questionings, until some untoward dangers ahead of us bring them back to

our minds. But some few who find joy in the mere swimming in this current and drinking in the beauty and the splendor of the world see and understand what the rest do not. They see that it is all beautiful, all splendid — the struggle and the strugglers, the effort and the doers, the battle and the fighters; and to them it takes on the harmony of a glorious symphony. The spirit of poetry masters them, and they sing the epic of life. And by their song is precipitated the national soul. This is what the Bible did for the Jews; what Homer did for the Greeks; what the Sagas did for the Northmen; and this is what the poet will do for us also. A great epic is the precipitation of a nation's soul in its efforts to free itself from the physical conditions of life toward a realization of its spiritual aspirations. We await the poet who shall so serve us. He, with his songs, will tell us what we, with our science, will never know. And we shall understand him because he will sing to our hearts. And, as we listen to him, we shall know that we were not born for misery, sorrow, and the man-making ills of life.

We have great need of poets, greater

need of them than we have of even statesmen or organizers or inventors. We are suffering from having forsaken the gods of our fathers without replacing them with gods of our own. Poets, by their creative work, keep alive the high reachings of our souls which are necessary to the making of gods, by immortalizing in nobly-moving language the great deeds of our great men and great women. Our fathers reverenced great men, reverenced even the simple relics associated with their names; they worshiped what to them was a living God because He personified the best impulses of their hearts; their conscience was touched to the quick at any base act or thought, whether in the world of affairs or in their social intercourse with each other. They had a splendid history behind them, of a mother-country which linked them to a wonderful Past of a national life. The spirit of Numa sanctified their homes. To the eighteenth century gentlemen of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and even New York, the heroes of Elizabeth's day — the Drakes, the Gilberts, the Hawkinses, the Grenvilles — were their heroes also. They sought and found high inspi-

ration from the Bible of King James, the literature of the country of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. They were of England with all Englishmen, and its glory was their glory. They leaned on this national spirit and took heart from its great exemplars, and so recovered themselves in times of desperate stress. It stayed them, and made them the men they were to resist tyranny and oppression and base injustice even from England herself. And they did nobly and well.

But we, of the United States of America to-day have determined to cut ourselves adrift from these traditions and to deny ourselves the refreshing strength of this national spirit. Our children, whether at home or at school, are no longer taught this Past in any vital sense. We are a nation of our own, we answer, and rightly answer, with a splendid history of our own. Let our children, we say, draw inspiration from the heroes and masters of men and conquerors of the earth who made the United States what it is to-day. But who is to draw for them the refreshing waters of this life? Are we to expect from underpaid schoolmasters and pedagogues

and academic professors the genius of the epic poet? Surely history does not warrant us in such an expectation. It is the poet we want; the poet who shall precipitate the national spirit which is behind and at the foundation of the wonderful achievements of the people of this country. We have many volumes of Commemoration Odes of quite respectable literary quality; but we look in vain for an epic of the War of the Revolution which might fill each one of us with the heroic spirit, and bind us all in that living union of great-hearted humility which is the supreme national pride. We look in vain for an epic on the Great Civil War, with one of the greatest of all life's soldiers as its hero; nor do we find immortalized in Æneids those wonderful expeditions across this continent — the travels of Lewis and Clark — the settlement of the 'Forty-Niners, the opening up of Alaska, the reclamation of the deserts, and the founding of Texas. How otherwise than through poetry are our children to possess the beauty and the glory and the spiritual grandeur of the saga-figures who founded this marvelous union of States; of those heroes who " highly resolved " and so highly achieved?

Walt Whitman chanted the song of democracy; but his chant is a magnificent prophecy of an ideal — it is an exhortation, not a poetic manifestation. But the spirit that strove and is striving toward a realization of this democracy is best taught when exemplified in the lives and deeds of the men who lived and fought, who conquered and died fighting, moved by this spirit. This is the creative work of the poet we await. He has not come as yet, because we have not called for him. We have not prepared a place for him in our hearts.

But the wonder of this country, its achieved desires and its still unrealized ideals, are not for one poet, but for many. I find a parallel in the past to the United States of the present, in Ancient Greece, at that period of its history before Athens had become the great centre of Hellenic civilization, when Greece was still in the making, so to speak. It was the *Iliad* that precipitated a national spirit out of the separate cities and made the glory of Greece. "The intensity of imagination," writes Professor Gilbert Murray in his fine analysis of the rise of Greek Epic poetry, "which makes the *Iliad* alive is not, it seems to me, the imagination of any one

man. It means not that one man of genius created a wonder and passed away. It means that generation after generation of poets, trained in the same schools and a more or less continuous and similar life, steeped themselves to the lips in the spirit of this great poetry. They lived in the Epic saga and by it and for it. Great as it was, for many centuries they continued to build it up yet greater. What helped them most, perhaps, was the constancy with which the whole race — to use a slightly inaccurate word — must have loved and cherished this poetry. . . . They are like the watchwords of great causes for which men have fought and died; charged with power to attract men's love, but now, through the infinite shining back of that love, grown to yet greater power. There is in them, as it were, the spiritual life-blood of a people." Here is work for American poets if we will — "the infinite shining back of that love" from the mirror of their poetry, a love that founded and built and fixed this great nation as the highest expression of communal civilization.

The people of this country are compounded of the descendants of many gods.

Deeply secreted in the sympathies of their hearts are impulses springing from Sinai and Olympus, from the Seven Hills of Rome and the Pillars of Hercules, from the Norwegian fiords and the sand dunes of the Baltic, from the Balkans and the frozen steppes of the Caucasus, from the hills of Wicklow and Kerry and the chalky cliffs of Albion. And all these impulses are surging and flowing and forming the great cataract of life we know as the United States of America. It would seem almost hopeless to expect any man to find in this world-shaping torrent what we might feel as beauty. And yet that is the poet's work, and peculiarly the work of the poet of this country. But if it is for the poet to focus all these life-rays into one "infinite shining back of that love" which men felt for great causes, it is for us so to cherish the hope of his coming that our hope will create even "out of its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

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